

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY
THE VINTAGEBy JOSEPH SHARTS
Copyright, 1911, The Frank A. Munsey Company.

Synopsis of chapters already published.

Miss Della Combs, en route to Richmond to marry her brother, held prisoner charged with having furnished the Federals with a list of Lee's troops on the Rapidan, encountered the late John Bledsoe, chief of the Confederate secret service, at Cold Harbor, where he is seeking two spies supposed to have the list. While he captures one, Aaron Silber, whom he releases, and, in respect, the real spy, escaped, aided by Miss Combs, who believes his story he is a wounded Confederate whom Bledsoe is seeking to kill as the result of a private feud. In Richmond, President Davis permits her to visit her brother, Captain Floyd Combs, who protests his innocence, and she, seeking and finding "James Foss," because he had told her only he could save her brother. She undertakes to obtain him by becoming a Government position, and the reader learns Silber, too, is in Richmond. Silber, Grigg, and Colonel Delaney are in a plot to take Richmond by liberating prisoners, and when guards shoot at "Foss," Della learns he is the brother of her brother. Her brother is condemned to death; she obtains a delay and sends him a letter by a negro servant, asking him to save her brother, and only hours from the night before the day of execution, she gets a reply from President Davis, gets promise of immunity, and explains to General Lee's desk, exonerating Captain Combs. Just as the Federals are about to capture the Confederates, the plot is exposed by Colonel Bledsoe's troops. Bledsoe, learning of the plot, after obtaining the signal Grigg was awaiting to start his uprising of prisoners.

CHAPTER XXII (Continued).

Neither of them, nor the sergeant, who came, too, and looked in at the door, noticed one singular circumstance—namely: that the prisoner's shifting of the lantern on the table had so placed it that at least that when he struck his forehead with his hands the motion of a shadow—huge, magnified by the proximity of the light—across the uncurtained, black window space. Could they have perceived beneath those restless hands, suspicion would have been roused at once. For his bloodshot eyes, shaded from their observation, were casting quick sidelong glances of force intensely toward the window.

Something far more momentous than the troubled glances of a half-delirious man was taking place. The hour was then about 6:30 o'clock. Full night had fallen upon the victorious and exultant city; the cold rain had begun to shift to snow, and the wind whirled white flakes about the dark, deserted buildings of the whole-sale district. From the engine house, a cold engine house there was visible across a confused huddle of black roofs and chimneys, a single light was trying to climb, a large warehouse two blocks away, looming beside the water front. It appeared deserted except for the light of a single lamp, like a watchman's lantern, in the topmost window.

Upon that far-off glimmer the prisoner's eyes were fixed, and he was fixed, for the warehouse, he knew, was Aaron Silber's, and there his only hope of rescue lay. As he had watched it, shading his eyes, and the light vanishing, come, and vanish. Three times it came and went. Then after a momentary pause, it came again, and again. It was the Jew trying to signal.

How was Grigg to reply? His brain still heavy, his head aching, he knew the blow that had felled him, his hands and feet bound, his breast menaced by a loaded gun and bayonet, a sentinel watching him, and the light of a soldier's whistle call instantly—how was he to reply?

He had chosen means that were simplicity itself. The sheer audacity of his act baffled suspicion. Upon discovering that his friends were alert, he had shifted the lantern to the table, till he got it so placed that by raising his hands to his forehead he threw a shadow of his face and arms upon the window. Such was the motive behind his seemingly nonsensical trifling. While the shadow was upon the window, necessarily the light of his lantern was shut off from the distant watchers. Thus he could make his light appear and disappear for longer or shorter intervals.

Once sure of this, Grigg had begun to strike his forehead in the troubled, irregular manner which, to his own mind, indicated only a wandering mind. It amused them to watch his "outrage." But while they were finding amusement, he was telegraphing. Silber, he remembered, knew the Morse code.

A quarter of an hour later, when Lieutenant Jetter, having completed the complete and final discomfiture of the enemy, came back to the engine house, he went straightway to the light room to satisfy himself that his prisoner was still securely fettered. Grigg, however, had fallen into what appeared a sound slumber, a much more natural sleep than on the previous night. He was slouched in the chair with his head bowed forward on his chest, his hands crossed on the table, forming a sort of pillow for his face. His breathing was deep and heavy, troubled now and then by a muffled half-sigh.

Jetter shook him by the shoulder once, intending to try the knots of the ropes, but as the prisoner did not arouse, and only muttered in his sleep, he decided to leave him thus. After all, Grigg asleep was less likely to devise schemes of escape than Grigg awake. When the first relief came on again at 7 o'clock for its two hours' tour of duty, and the relieved third relief stacked arms in the guard-room, a somnolent quiet settled down inside the old building, although a wagon carrying forage or food to the troops in the trenches occasionally rumbled noisily outside. Lieutenant Jetter, who meant to spend another wakeful night and was feeling heavily-eyed from his previous vigil, decided to take a short nap. Accordingly he rolled himself into a blanket in a corner of the guard-room, and began at once to emit snoring bliss from his weary nose.

Several of the relieved watch imitated his example. Others lounged at the windows, chewing and spitting, and watching the loaded carts go past. Three or four had started a game of poker at the other side of the room. The sentinel now posted over the prisoner was a long, sinewy, slouching private about thirty years of age—one of those slack-sided, awkwardly active fellows from North Carolina, who possess unlimited self-confidence, take all situations coolly, and do efficient service everywhere. To pass the time comfortably he had tilted and lighted a cob-pipe, and filled his chair against the wall. But his listless attitude indicated no abatement of watchfulness. The stock of his gun lay upon his knee, the forefinger of his right hand lightly touched the trigger, and the muzzle, with glistering bayonet attached, rested on the table, pointing at the bowed head of the prisoner. Hardly for an instant did his quietly quizzical eyes—the eyes of one who will not hesitate to shoot upon occasion—waver from that bowed head before him. The flashing lantern on the table flung distorted shadows around the dingy walls.

Some time had elapsed when, from far down the street, there came the ear-tumult of a runaway team—a shouting, galloping, and rumbling. What soldiers were awake and not on duty rushed with one accord to the windows to view the cause of the excitement, among them the corporal at the doorway of the light room.

tugging and jerking at the reins, filled the air with imprecations at the runaway, as though of warning to all who might be in the road. It was only by a tremendous heave upon the lines he avoided colliding with the lamp-post at the corner.

"Good! That's it, boy!" shouted several of the soldiers, recognizing the skill with which an accident had been averted. But the negro's effort to dodge the lamp-post almost precipitated his mules into the opposite fence; they had dashed upon the sidewalk, striking showers of sparks from the slippery stones as he got them out into the street again by another timely tug, all this amid an infernal yelling and whooping.

Such was the momentum that now, in swinging the frightened mules away from the fence, the negro seemed about to dash them against the front of the engine house itself.

"Pull! pull!" excited voices shouted to him from the upper windows. "Yank that off line, you black son of a gun!"

The well-meant advice seemed to confuse the negro, for at the unexpected shouts above his head he glanced upward and pulled the team right into the building. Bump! Crashed he into the wall. The off one barely grazed it, but the near one struck with such violence as to jar the whole structure, and slipped down. The wagon wheel crashed against the curb, and over toppled the mass of hay.

"Come out o' dah!" roared the negro in a voice of thunder, apparently losing his wits and jerking at the lines like one possessed. The building enabled him still to retain his footing on top of it, and he continued to shout to the crowd below, who were looking above to disgust among the on-lookers above. They jeered him and laughed at his predicament, believing that he was about to fall.

But while the building still rocked under the blow, and while everybody at the windows was calling the driver names, the mules, in a sudden turn of mischief, a sort of bundle, dropped from the window directly above the load, and fell into the center of the hay. The fall was almost simultaneous with the fact that the load inside the room. And at once pandemonium reigned. They saw the negro stoop over the bundle, and he rolled to his feet and made two or three slashes with the knife which he had snatched out of his shirt. And thereupon the shapeless bundle of hay and straw, which had been lying flat up at the thronged windows, not one of the dismayed spectators of this happening, the mules, the hay, the bundle, the corporal of the guard, the others rushed for the stacks. The corporal, taking a hurried aim as the two figures dashed toward the square, fired. His powder and lead were wasted. The fugitive vanished among the shadows of the building, and the mules toward the Marshall square.

In the strict official investigation which the Confederate government instituted to find out how the escape had been effected, several facts became known which were held to exculpate Lieutenant Jetter from blame. During the time that Captain Grigg appeared to have been asleep with his face upon his hands, he had gnawed in two rope about his teeth, while pretending to be in slumber. At the instant the load of hay struck against the building and the mules dashed toward the square, he seized the lantern, and dashed it into the sentinel's face. At the same time he shoved aside the gun with his other hand.

The sentinel's attention had been for the moment distracted by the shock of the lantern, and he had not seen the mules. But though taken unawares and blinded by the lantern, he discharged his piece and lunged forward with the bayonet. The bayonet only penetrated the opposite wall, like the bullet, while the prisoner, hopping, snatched as he was, to the window, dove out head foremost through glass and sash.

An effort was made to trace Grigg's rescuers by means of the mules and load of hay. The mules it was ascertained, belonged to Aaron Silber, who at the time was supplying many teams to the Government upon contract. But Aaron Silber had disappeared. As to the negro's identity there was no clue whatever. Accounts of his appearance differed widely, owing to the uncertain light in which he had been seen.

The manner in which Grigg had contrived to escape with his allies outside the engine house was the point which troubled the reviewing board most. They had to ascribe it to treachery and the guard could not fix the guilt upon any particular one. Time soon proved, however, that the great conspiracy was indeed a conspiracy, and that the deserter who had terrorized the Richmond nights for so long, disappeared from the Confederate camp as he had come, shrouded in mystery.

(Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.)

Grouped Vases Are in Vogue in Dining Rooms

There are fashions in table decorations as in everything else; just now grouped vases are in favor. While these were introduced last season, there are interesting changes. Instead of the smaller vases for the corners of the table connected with the large central one by long chains, it is newer to have the smaller ones closely grouped, so as to stand on the centerpiece or glass plaque.

One handsome set has a tall central vase of cut silver with four small matching vases joined to it by curved open-work guards.

Another new set has a larger glass basket overlaid with silver with four small baskets held to the central one by short silver links fastened to the handles.

For cheaper effects two sizes of wicker baskets can be killed and joined by raphia rings, also gilded.

Lingerie Cushions.

The pillow cushions in tapestry or fine lawn and embroidery are proving very popular. Some of the lawn designs are exquisitely embroidered by hand and inset with lace motifs, while the tapestry and brocade designs are simply made, with a plain edging in cord in the color which predominates in the material.

Broderie anglaise adorns some of the pillow-shaped cushions, with flat edgings of lace as a finish.

Headaches

Hard headaches. Dizzy, sick headaches. Burning, throbbing, splitting headaches. And the great majority are all due to constipation. Anything better than Ayer's Pills? Ask your doctor.

Wife and Son of Commissioner Judson Go to Kentucky for Several Weeks

Later They Will Go to Virginia Springs for Stay.

Mrs. Judson, wife of District Commissioner Judson, left Washington today, accompanied by her son, Craig Judson, for Kentucky, where they will spend several weeks. They will then go to the Virginia Warm Springs for the remainder of the season. Commissioner Judson will join his family at the Springs later in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Emmons will close their residence, 1721 H street, and move to New York, from where they sail shortly for Europe to spend the summer.

Commander E. F. Quailtrough, U. S. N., and Mrs. Quailtrough have closed their residence on Hillier place and have gone to New York for a few days before going to Narragansett Pier for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. S. O. Richey will close their residence on I street the latter part of next month and will join the Washington colony at Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Rosa Wallace will close her residence on I street on July 4 and will go to York Harbor, Me., where she has taken a cottage for the season. Her daughter, Mrs. John H. Merriam, wife of Paymaster Merriam, U. S. N., and her little daughter will be Mrs. Wallace's guests during the summer.

Arthur L. Bliss Married in New York.

An interesting wedding took place in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York city, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when Miss Marguerite Storm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jules P. Storm, of 147 West Seventy-seventh street, became the bride of Arthur Lorraine Bliss, of Washington.

The ceremony was performed by the officiating clergyman, solemnizing the ceremony in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and intimate friends. The church was elaborately decorated with pink rambler roses, hydrangeas, and peonies, and an organ recital preceded the wedding ceremony.

Mr. Storm escorted his daughter and gave her in marriage. She wore a beautiful bridal gown of white embroidered satin with a court train, trimmed with duchesse lace. Her veil of point applique lace was held in place with a large black bow. She carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley.

Miss Hazel Young Bliss, of Washington, the maid of honor, wore orchid colored satin with a poke bonnet of orchid colored chiffon, and carried a shower of orchids. The bridesmaids, Miss Marguerite Staley, of Baltimore; Miss Julia Culbert, Miss Edythe Welch, and Miss Dorothy Straton, of New York, the bridesmaids, wore dainty frocks of pink chiffon and satin with poke bonnets of pink chiffon, and carried pink sweet peas.

Howard N. Van Lan was best man for Mr. Bliss and the ushers were Charles Paxson, Frederick Holtzman, Edward C. Cady, H. Cornell Wilson, all of Washington; Dean E. Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y.; and Charles E. Storm, brother of the bride.

The church ceremony was followed by a large reception at the St. Regis and afterward Mr. Bliss and his bride left for a motor trip through Canada. They will reside in Washington at 1218 Sixteenth street, where they will be at home after Labor Day.

The bridegroom is the son of Alonzo O. Bliss, of Washington.

Miss Moore to Wed J. I. Power Tonight

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Matilda Moore, daughter of J. W. Moore, to John Irwin Power, formerly of Dublin, Ireland, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Stevens, 1214 Kenyon street. The wedding ceremony, which will be attended by a small gathering of relatives and intimate friends, will be performed by the Rev. J. T. Huddle, pastor of St. Paul's English Lutheran Church. Mrs. Charles W. Swift will play the wedding music.

The bride, who will be escorted and given in marriage by her father, will have as her matrons of honor her cousin, Mrs. Thomas F. Harris, and Mrs. Philip E. Riebel, Ernest Frederick Lawes, of Upper Montclair, N. J., will be best man for Mr. Power.

A large reception will follow the ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. Power and his bride will leave Washington for a wedding trip in the Blue Ridge mountains. Upon their return, after July 15 they will reside in Washington.

Among those from out of town who have arrived for the wedding are the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Lampe; her cousin, Miss Laura Storm, and Mrs. William Buckley, of Frederick, Md.; and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Lawes, of Montclair, N. J.

The German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, who was the guest of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer at their summer place at Hamilton, Mass., for several days, has returned to Washington.

Farewell Reception for Mrs. David J. Hill.

Mrs. David Jayne Hill, wife of the retiring American ambassador to Germany, will be the guest of honor at a farewell reception given for her by the Ladies' Union of the American Church in Berlin, prior to her departure from the German capital. The reception will be held at the home of Miss Luce, a prominent educator.

Mrs. Hill, who is president of the union, has been very active in the interest of the American Church, and her departure is viewed with regret by its members.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, who has been established at her summer home at Mingo Beach, Beverly, Mass., has as her guests her son-in-law and daughter, the military attaché of the French embassy and Countess de Chambrun.

Miss Elsie M. Hobson and J. W. Howes to Wed.

Miss Elsie May Hobson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Hobson, will be married to John William Howes, of Boston, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock at her home, 2013 G street northwest. The wedding ceremony, which will be performed by the Rev. B. D. Gaw, pastor of the West Washington Baptist Church, will be attended by a small gathering of relatives and intimate friends.

William Starnell will play the wedding marches and appropriate selections during the ceremony. The bride, who will be escorted and given in marriage by her father, will have as her maid of honor, Miss Edna Price, of Staunton, Va., and Miss Daisy Dudley, of Alexandria, Va., will be the bridesmaid.

An informal reception will follow the wedding ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. Howes and his bride will leave Washington for a wedding trip. Upon their return, after July 15, they will be at home at 1522 H street.

Miss Mary Pauline Olmstead Bride of John W. Best Today.

Miss Mary Pauline Olmstead, daughter of Mrs. Olmstead and the late Stanley C. Olmstead, of St. Paul, Minn., was married to John William Best, of Philadelphia, at noon today. The wedding ceremony, which was performed at the bride's home, at 308 Second street southeast, by the Rev. W. L. DeVries, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, was attended by a small gathering of relatives and intimate friends.

Palms, ferns, green vines, and clusters of white roses and daisies adorned the house for the occasion, and the wedding music was played by J. Floyd Harris.

The bride, who was escorted to the improvised altar of palms and white blossoms, and given in marriage by her brother, John Stanley Olmstead, of Warren, Ariz., wore a beautiful gown of white embroidered net over satin. Her long tulle veil was arranged with a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses.

Mrs. Arthur A. Simmons, of Toronto, Canada, who was her sister's matron of honor, wore a white marquisette gown elaborately trimmed in lace and carried an armful of bridesmaid roses.

Miss Maude G. Sites, who was maid of honor, wore a gown of yellow mesh-satin and lace, and carried a bouquet of yellow roses.

Dr. Dehoney, of Philadelphia, was best man for Mr. Best, and Howard A. Best was a groomsmen.

An informal reception and wedding breakfast followed the wedding ceremony, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Best left Washington for a Northern wedding trip. Mrs. Best traveled in a tailored suit of French blue cloth, with a small black and white straw hat. Mr. and Mrs. Best will make their future home in West Philadelphia.

Miss Williams Another of the Brides of Today.

Miss Mary Carpenter Williams, daughter of Mrs. James Henry Williams, will be married this evening at 8 o'clock to James Stanton Carpenter. The wedding will take place in the home of the bride, and will be attended by a small company of relatives and a few close friends. A small reception, to which a few additional guests have been asked, will follow immediately after. The Rev. L. J. Kibler will officiate.

Miss Martha Williams, sister of the bride, will attend her as maid of honor, and the best man will be Kilbourn Gordon.

After a bridal trip to the Great Lakes, Mr. Carpenter and his bride will reside in Washington.

Miss Wingate to Wed Harry N. Foss.

The marriage of Miss Gladys E. Wingate and Harry N. Foss will take place tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock in the parsonage of the North Carolina Avenue Methodist Protestant Church, the pastor, the Rev. N. O. Gibson, officiating. The wedding ceremony will be attended by a small party of relatives and immediately afterward Mr. Foss and his bride will leave Washington for a brief wedding trip.

Mrs. Theodore P. Shonts, who went abroad early in the summer for a visit to her widowed daughter, the Duchesse de Chaulnes, in Paris, expected to return in July.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

PRINCESS TERRIBLE.

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had a very beautiful daughter. Her hair hung in golden curls and her cheeks were the color of peach blossoms. The king had selected for her husband a prince who owned vast lands and handsome castles, but the princess did not want to marry him because he was not a good man.

"I do not love him," she would say when her father spoke of the prince as her future husband.

"Do you want to be an old maid?" her father would ask.

"I do not wish to marry," the princess would reply, "until I meet the man I can love and respect, and some of the sweetest ladies I know are old maids, as you call them."

But the king was not to be put off in this manner, and the day was set for the wedding. The poor little princess begged and pleaded, but her father was firm; she must marry the prince.

One night when everybody in the castle was asleep the princess stole out very softly. She went to the cave of an old witch in the woods.

"Mother witch," she said, "do help me; I cannot marry the prince, I do not love him. The old witch told her she could help her, but must promise not to blame her for anything that happened afterward.

"Nothing will be better than marrying a man I do not love," the princess replied. The old witch hobbled into her cave and returned with a white tablet and a small black and white straw hat. "Go home," she told the princess, and let them prepare for your wedding night after you are dressed take this tablet, drop this red liquid on it and swallow it at once. The prince will not want you for his wife. I will promise you that."

The princess thanked her and went back to the castle, feeling very happy. The night of the wedding when she was dressed in her bridal gown and the veil had been pinned in place she asked to be left alone for a little while. As soon as she was by herself she took from her pocket the white tablet and the phial, dropping the red liquid on it as the old witch told her, she lifted her veil and swallowed it.

Then she called her attendants and went to her waiting guests.

The ceremony was over and the prince kissed her and led her to his bride, but instead of the pretty face of the princess he beheld with horror the face of a lion.

The hand upon which a minute before he had placed a wedding ring was the paw of that savage beast. The prince fled from the room and out of the castle. The guests when they heard the terrible head and paws fled also and the King and Queen were the last to leave.

The servants were afraid of the Princess Terrible, as they called her now, and she had to hide herself in a room in the tower of the castle.

The King was in despair and could not understand the dreadful thing that had happened to his once beautiful daughter.

The prince fled from the country and was never heard of again, and the princess was free, but she was lonely after all it would not have been better to have married the prince and remained beautiful.

One night she sat thinking about her terrible fate and wondering if the old witch intended she should always wear

the face of the lion, when she noticed a bright streak of light shining through the window of her tower room.

A fairy walked along the bright path and as she came in front of the princess she said, "I have had a hard task to find you; the witch sent me, but she did not say where you were and I have had to hunt. She told me to give you this," she said handing the princess a white tablet.

"You are to rub this between your hands, or paws," she said as she glanced at the sharp claws, "and then you are to rub it on your face and head."

As soon as the fairy had gone the Princess began rubbing the tablet. The fairy had directed. White foam, like soap lather, soon formed and the Princess rubbed it over her face and head.

The next morning she saw that her hands were as they had been before the wedding, but she could not be sure about her face.

When the King and Queen brought her breakfast they dropped the dishes, they were so surprised and overjoyed for there was their daughter as beautiful as she ever had been. The King gave a ball in honor of her recovery from the witch's spell. It was some terrible malady, and all the people from miles around were invited. Princes and young men who were of lowly station.

The King hoped that the Princess would choose a husband, but she said "No, no," she would remain single and live with her father and mother, and when they were old they were glad she had not left them.

And the King thought that the unmarried daughter was a greater blessing than she would have been had she married as he wished.

Tomorrow's story: Priscilla Cable.

Novelties Designed For Comfort of Travelers

Many novelties have been devised this season to add to the comfort and luxury of travelers. These pertain to toilet accessories, and there have also been many clever inventions that materially lighten the burden of packing.

The new wardrobe trunks are smaller and have many new improvements, and their price, which has become more reasonable, has put them within the reach of a greater number of people.

A light case has been made which somewhat resembles the well-known dress suit case. It has a black enameled covering and straps, with leather handles and corners and is said to be roomy and convenient (being ten inches deep), and has a separate, movable tray. It costs from five to eight dollars and may take the place of a steamer trunk and is most convenient for traveling abroad, as it is light enough to carry.

Another traveling convenience is an automobile pouch, which is a roll made of canvas or automobile cloth, with straps and handles. This has straps which can be attached to the suit case. A hot-water bag is always a necessary requisite to a traveling outfit, and they are now covered with bright colored flannel and are compact enough to fit into a flat leather case.

Four million hours at least of hard disagreeable work are saved the women of this nation every week by Fels-Naptha soap. That is 208 million hours, or 26 million working days of 8 hours each every year.

Isn't that a record for Fels-Naptha to be proud of? Then there's the saving in health, in the wear of clothes, and in lots of other ways as well. More than a million women are using Fels-Naptha every wash-day.

It takes Fels-Naptha in cold or lukewarm water about half the time it would take by the old-fashioned hot-water way. Try it next wash-day yourself. Soap your white clothes with Fels-Naptha, roll them and let them soak for 30 minutes. Then give a light rub, rinse thoroughly, and hang on the line.

No hot fire to blister your face, no steaming suds to scald your hands, no nauseating smell about the house, no back-breaking work over the washboard. Isn't it worth trying?

Directions for washing all kinds of clothes, and many other uses of Fels-Naptha, on inside of the red and green wrapper. Follow them carefully.

Glib Soap Cameraman—"I'm representing a new naphtha soap. Let me leave you a cake for trial. It's the best laundry soap you can try, and far ahead of what you're using."

Anty Drudge—"Is that so? See here young fellow. There are no substitutes for Fels-Naptha soap, no more'n there is for an honest dollar. You can't bunco me with a worthless imitation of the genuine Fels-Naptha."

Can't Fool Anty Drudge.